

# Family Thang

## South Central Cartel

Nigga  
Who a real rider is?  
My family fool!  
That's right  
Puts it down on any hood or clique  
That's real trick

It's the young mackola, slangin crack to stackola  
The chip motorola holds the .44 to blow ya  
Dohja smoke ignites the fire like lighters  
The drop 64's catch the hoes on sighta  
Let's take a trip to where the homies puts it down  
They get and say I never come around  
But I'm in traffic, tryna make a proper come up  
Livin in this hell hole makes me wanna blow my dome up  
My baby mama is more righteous than they come  
The hood's on my back, the child support don't help me none  
So now I'm on a mission, niggas in my rear view  
Damn it's the homie, what the fuck them niggas up to  
I bust a U. and still the homies on my backside  
I grab the .44 hit the petrol in a G-O metro  
And damn, I still got payments on this muthafucka  
I lost all the hub caps and the homies I don't trust 'em

Well Young Prod if these niggas start trippin  
And Twin I got your back too if it's mo' than two  
And if it's mo' than three they gotta fuck with me  
And that's how it's gon swing with this family thang

Y'all niggas kill me, feel me down when you up around  
Clown me, down me when your ass not up around me  
Now tell me G who's the fuckin playa hata  
Mad 'cause I put my family up on some paper  
My homie Joe gave me the 'fo on your bitch-ass  
Hey troop I got your back loc, so won't you put the smash  
Down, clowns like you I call haters  
Mad 'cause you jock us but still can't fade us  
It's young trip on a creep as I tips down, man  
They got nothin to lose but 50 G's to gain  
If I maintain a low profile like a Pirelli  
'Cause niggas be schemin like evil side and wicked dreamin  
Night after night be havin a nigga straight plottin  
Like "Oliver Stone" out to get a grip of his own  
And it's on and ain't no fakin niggas out for the takin  
But if they come at me wrong Rata-tat-tat, ain't no get bacc

Now from the gate I gots to skate block to block when I'm swervin  
Puffin up on that herb and still down for curb servin  
Cutlass on deck, niggas trip, I'm a winner  
Khakis and Chuck T's, gold D's as I bend the  
Nigga's block, batteries hot, lockin a 40  
Gold Rhimeson packin heat and it's on  
Niggas playa hatin 'cause I stack the chip, dippin in a C-low  
Puttin my bang down with my kinfolks  
I see them half-ass hoes so damn down I used to figure  
But now I'm hearin shit, it makes me wanna pull a trigger  
Nigga, I put you down when you had nathin

Nigga, but now I'm hearin 'bout your playa hatin  
Rollin in my low-low '64 loc, with my kinfolks  
Fake-ass locs they get smoked tho'  
We still deep, we be tight like Vice Grips  
Collectin chips, dumpin clips on niggas who set trip

BiAtch  
Westside and Eastside  
Takin your ass on a gangsta ride  
So peep this shit out nigga  
It's the "in-a-cut-gang", baby, baby  
And it's the South Central Cartel, baby  
And it's the Young Prod thang, baby, baby  
And all them niggas can't fade me  
I'm crazy  
Yeah, we be puttin it down for the 199-muthafuckin-6  
You know what I'm sayin?